

THE NEW

2

DUNCIAD:

As it was found

Pope (A) K

In the Year 1741.

WITH THE
ILLUSTRATIONS of SCRIBLERUS,
AND
Notes VARIORUM.

D U B L I N:

Printed by A. REILLY;

For G. EWING, at the *Angle and Bible* in
Dame-Street. M,DCC,XLII.



T O T H E

R E A D E R.

WE apprehend it can be deemed no Injury to the Author of the Three first Books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth. It was found merely by Accident, in taking a Survey of the Library of a late eminent Nobleman; but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect but unfinished: That the Author of the three first Books had a design to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the Dissertation prefixt to it, where it is said, that the Design is more extensive, and that we may expect other Episodes to complete it: And from the Declaration in the Argument to the third Book, that the Accomplishment of the Prophecies therein, would be the Theme hereafter of a Greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the Author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the Publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, tho' perhaps inferior to the former.

TO the READER.

If any person be possessed of a more perfect Copy of this Work, or of any other Fragments of it, and will communicate them to the Publisher, we shall make the next Edition more complete : In which, we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published, if at all to the purpose, with the Names of the Authors ; or any Letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the Title of Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum ; which, together with some others of the same kind (formerly laid by for that purpose) may make no unpleasant Addition to the future Impressions of this Poem.

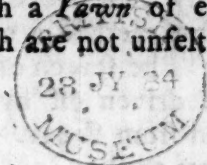
THE A R G U M E N T.

BOOK the FOURTH.

THE Poet being, in this Book, to declare the *Completion* of the *Prophecies* mention'd at the end of the former, makes a new *Invocation*, (as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung.) He shows the Goddess coming in her Majesty to destroy *Order* and *Science*, and to substitute the *Kingdom of the Dull* upon earth. How she leads captive the *Sciences*, and silenceth the *Muses*; and what they be who succeed in their stead. All their children by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them also divers others, who promote her Empire by connivance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts; such as Half wits, tasteless Admirers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of dunces, or the Patrons of them. All these crowd round her: one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both. The first who speak in form are the *Genius's* of the *Schools*, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to *words*, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their Address, and her gracious Answer; with her Charge to them and the Universities. The *Universities* appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observed in the progress of Education: The speech of *Aristarchus* on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen, return'd from *Travel* with their *Tutors*; one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their *Travels*: presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished. She re-

THE ARGUMENT.

ceives him graciously and indues him with the happy quality of *Want of Shame*. She sees loitering about her a number of *Indolent Persons* abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness; to whom approaches the Antiquary *Annius*, intreating her to make them *Virtuosos* and assign them over to him: But *Mummius*, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then enter a troop of people fantastical-ly adorn'd, offering her strange and exotic presents: Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature: but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the *Indolents* before-mention'd, in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c. but with particular caution, not to proceed beyond *Trifles*, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secur'd by a hearty Address from the *Minute Philosophers* and *Free-thinkers*, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest. The Youth thus instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body by the hands of *Silenus*; and then admitted to taste the Cup of the *Magus* her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral or rational. To these her Adepts she sends *Priests*, *Attendants*, and *Comforters*, of various kinds; then confers on them *Orders* and *Degrees*; and finally dismissing them with a speech, confirms to each his *Privileges*, warns *One* in particular not to exceed them, and concludes with a *Yawn* of extraordinary virtue, the effects of which are not unfelt at this day.



THE
D U N C I A D.

BOOK the FOURTH.

YET, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light
Indulge, dread Chaos and eternal Night!
Of Darkness visible so much be lent,
As half to show, half veil the deep Intent.

R E M A R K S.

The DUNCIAD, BOOK IV.] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former by the Name of the GREATER DUNCIAD, not so indeed in Size, but in Subject; and so far contrary to the distinction anciently made of the *Greater* and *Lesser Iliad*. But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet; of which I am much more certain, than that the *Iliad* itself was the Work of *Solomon*, or the *Batrachomyomachia* of *Homer*, as the learned *Barnes* hath affirmed. Nor is it imperfect or incorrect, save in some few places, which we shall remark. SCRIBL.

VERSE 2. — *dread Chaos and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem, referring to the Prophecy in Verse 338 of the third book;

*She comes, the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
With Night primæval, and with Chaos old, &c.*

We Pow'rs ! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
 To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
 Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
 Then take at once the Poet and the Song.

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 1, &c.] This is an Invocation of much Piety. The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to *Dulness*) his high Respect for *Antiquity* and a *Great Family*, how dull, or dark soever: next declareth his love for *Mystery* and *Obscurity*; and lastly his Impatience to be re-united to her.

SCRIBL.

VERSE 4. — *half to show, half veil, the deep Intent.*] This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by *halves* or imperfectly. There are some, I know, who understand it very differently; as if the Author in this work had indeed a *deep Intent*, that there were in it *Mysteries* or *αποκρυφα*, which he durst not fully reveal, and that in divers verses (according to *Milton*)

— *more is meant than meets the ear.*

VERSE 6. *To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing.*] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle *Scriblerus* on this place) For sure in spite of this unusual modesty, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done: For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz. *Pindar*, *Luis Gongora*, *Ronsard*, *Oldham*, [Lyrics,] and *Lycophron*, *Statius*, *Camoens*, *Chapman*, *Blackmore*, [Heroicks,] I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus prodigally to cast away his Life: contrary-wise the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and ex-

'Twas when the Dog-star's unpropitious ray
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay ; 10
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour :
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold, 15
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold.

R E M A R K S.

alt the same, in the face of Men and Angels. Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on the Fragments of dark and uncouth Authors, preferred *Ennius* to *Virgil*, and chosen to give light to *Lycophron*, rather than to hold a candle to *Homer*. SCRIBL.

VERSE 7. — *Force inertly strong.*] Alluding to the *Vis inertiae* of Matter, which tho' it really has no Power, is yet the Foundation of all its Qualities and Attributes.

VERSE 14. *To blot out Order, and extinguish Light.*] The two great Ends of her Mission ; the one in quality of Daughter of *Chaos*, the other as Daughter of *Night*. *Order* here is to be understood extensively, both as civil and Moral, the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals : *Light* as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts.

VERSE 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The Allegory continued : *dull* referring to the extinction of Light or Science, *venal* to the destruction of Order, or the Truth of things.

V. 15. — *a new World.*] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the present World into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise, which the Poet makes to partake of its original Principles.

VERSE 16. *Lead and Gold.*] i. e. dull and venal.

She mounts the Throne: her head a Cloud conceal'd,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd,
(’Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines,)
Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines. 20

REMARKS.

VERSE 17. — *her Head a Cloud conceal’d,
In broad Effulgence all below reveal’d.*

It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the Divinities manifested themselves to Men by their *Back parts*, Virg. *Æn.* 1.

— *Et avertens, rosea cervice refulsit.*

But this passage may admit of a more modern Exposition, by the Adage, “ *The higher you climb, the more you show your A* — Verify’d in no Instance more than in Dulness aspiring: emblemized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors. SCRIBL.

VERSE 20. — *her Laureat son reclines.*] With great judgment is it imagined by the Poet, that such a Colleague as Dulness had elected, should sleep on the Throne, and have very little share in the Action of the Poem: accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing, having pass thro’ the second book without taking part in whatever was transacted about him, and thro’ the third in profound Sleep. Nor ought this, well consider’d, to seem strange in our days, when so many *King-Consorts* have done the like. SCRIBL.

VERSE 21. — *her Laureat.*] “ When I find my Name
“ in the Satyrical works of this Poet, I never look up-
“ on it as any malice meant to me, but PROFIT to
“ HIMSELF. For he considers that *my Face* is more
“ known than most in the nation; and therefore a Lick
“ at the Laureat will always be a sure bait *ad captan-*
“ *dum vulgus*, to catch little readers. Life of C. C.
“ Chap. 21.

Now if it be certain, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious Expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument that this DUNCIAD

Book IV. The D U N C I A D. II

Beneath her footstool, Science groans in Chains,
 And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains.
 There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound,
 There stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground,
 His blunted Arms by Sophistry are born, 25
 And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn.
 Morality, by her false Guardians drawn,
 Chicane in Furs, and Casuistry in Lawn,
 Gasps, as they straiten at each end the Cord,
 And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word. 30
 Mad *Mathefis* alone was unconfin'd,
 Too mad for mere material chains to bind,

R E M A R K S.

as well as the former hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press: Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing Stroke, the profitable Lick at the Laureat? SCRIBL.

VERSE 21, 22. *Beneath her footstool, &c.*] We are next presented with the Pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity. *Science* is only depressed and confined, so as to be rendred useless; but *Wit* or *Genius*, as a more dangerous and active Enemy, punished, or driven away: *Dulness* being often reconcil'd in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit. And accordingly it will be seen, that she admits something like *each Science*, in its room, for the better Advancement of her Empire.

VERSE 30. — *gives her Page the Word.*] Her *Page*, to wit her *Mute*; alluding to the custom of strangling State-Criminals in *Turkey* by Mutes or Pages. A practice more decent than that of our *Pages*, who before they hang any Person, load him with reproachful language. SCRIBL.

VERSE 31. *Mad Mathefis.*] Alluding to the strange Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced, from their principles of the *real Quantity of Matter*, the *Reality of Space*, &c.

Now to pure Space lifts her extatic Stare,
 Now running round the Circle, finds it square.
 But held in tenfold bonds the Muses lye, 35
 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye :
 Oft to her heart sad Tragedy addrest
 The Dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast ;
 Oft her gay Sister's life and spirit fled ;
 But History and Satire held their head : 40
 Nor cou'dst thou, Chesterfield ! a tear refuse,
 Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse !

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 33. — *pure Space,*] i. e. pure and defæcated from Matter.

VERSE 34. — *running round the Circle find it square.*] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of *squaring the Circle*.

VERSE 36. *Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's Eye.*] One of the Misfortunes falling on Authors, from the *Act* for subjecting *Plays* to the power of a Licenser, being the false representations to which they were expos'd, from such as either grâtify'd their Envy to Merit, or made their Court to Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on particular Persons.

VERSE 40. *But History and Satire.*] History holds up the head of Tragedy, Satire of Comedy, as their assistants in the discharge of their distinct functions: the one in high life, recording the crimes and punishments of the great, the other in low, exposing the vices or follies of the common people.

VERSE 41. *Nor could'st thou, &c.*] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr. *Cibber*) “ with a lively spirit, “ and uncommon eloquence.” This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr. *Cibber*, with a lively spirit also, and in a manner very uncommon, in

When lo! a Harlot form soft-sliding by,
 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye;
 Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride 45
 In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside:
 By singing Peers up-held on either hand,
 She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand,
 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look,
 Then thus in quaint Recitativo spoke. 50
 O Cara! Cara! silence all that Train:
 Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign.

R E M A R K S.

the 8th Chapter of his *Life and Manners*. And here, gentle Reader would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them: but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author and my self, concerning the *True Reading* of certain passages. SCRIBL.

VERSE 43. *When lo! a Harlot form.*] Every Reader will see, that from this verse to the 68th is a detach'd piece. We suppose it rightly inserted here, from what is said of her casting a scornful look on the *prostrate Muses*: but if any one can show us a properer place, we shall be obliged to him. — The Attitude given to this phantom represents the nature and genius of the *Italian Opera*: its affected airs, its luxurious and effeminating sounds, and the practise of patching up these Opera's with favourite tunes, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility.

VERSE 52. — *Let Divison reign.*] Alluding to the false taste of playing tricks in Music with numberless divisions; to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the sense, and applies to the passions. Mr. *Handel* had introduced a greater number of hands, and more variety of instruments into the Orchestra, and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller chorus; which prov'd so much too manly for the

My Racks and Tortures soon shall drive them hence,
 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense.
 One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief and rage, 55
 Wake the dull church, and lull the ranting stage;
 To the same notes thy sons shall hum or snore,
 And all thy yawning daughters cry *Encore*.
 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus reigns,
 Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains. 60
 But soon, ah soon Rebellion will commence,
 If Musick meanly borrows aid from Sense:
 Strong in new Arms lo Giant Handel stands,
 Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
 To stir, to rowze, to shake the soul he comes, 65
 And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drums.
 Arrest him, Empress! or you sleep no more——
 She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shore.
 And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown,
 And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne. 70

REMARKS.

fine gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Musick into *Ireland*. After which they were reduced for want of Composers to practise the patch-work above mentioned.

VERSE 59. ——— *Thy own Phœbus reigns.]*
Tuus jam regnat Apollo. VIRG.

Not the ancient *Phœbus*, the God of Harmony, but a modern *Phœbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera. Of whom see *Boubours*, and other Criticks of that nation. SCRIB.

VERSE 69. ——— *Fame's posterior Trumpet.]* *Posterior*, viz. her second or more certain Report: unless we imagine this word *posterior* to relate to the position of one of her Trumpets, according to *Hudibras*.

Book IV. The D U N C I A D. 15

The young, the old, who feel her inward sway,
 One Instinct seizes, and transports away.
 None need a guide, by sure Attraction led,
 And strong impulsive gravity of head.
 None want a place, for all their centre found, 75
 Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around.
 Not closer, orb in orb conglob'd are seen
 The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen.
 The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
 Involves a vast involuntary throng, 80
 Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less
 Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess.
 Not those alone, who passive own her laws,
 But who, weak rebels more advance her cause.
 Whate'er of Dunce in College or in Town 85
 Sneers as another, in Toupee or Gown;

R E M A R K S.

*She blows not both with the same Wind,
 But one before and one behind,
 And therefore modern Authors name
 One good, and to'ther evil Fame.*

VERSE 73. *None need a Guide,— none want a Place.*— The sons of Dulness are *avolodidaxloi*, and can introduce themselves into all places, they want no instructors in study, nor guides in life.

VERSE 71 to 101.] It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull, who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imaged in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her, tho' not caring to own her influence, from Verse 79 to 89. The third of such, as tho' not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness, cultivating mistaken talents, patroniz-

Whate'er of mongril no one class admits,
 A Wit with dunces and a Dunce with wits.
 Nor absent they, no members of her state,
 Who pay her homage in her sons the Great; 90
 Who false to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
 Or impious, preach his word without a call.
 Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead,
 With-hold the pension, and set up the head:
 Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred gown, 95
 Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown.
 And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit,
 Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit.

There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side,
 Who rym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride. 100
 Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r,
 Look'd a white lilly funk beneath a show'r.
 There mov'd Montalto with superior air,
 His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair;
 Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide, 105
 Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side:

REMARKS.

ing vile scriblers, discouraging living merit, or setting up for wits, and men of taste in Arts they understand not: from Verse 89 to 101.

VERSE 91.—*False to Phœbus.*] Spoken of the ancient and true *Phœbus*, not the *French Phœbus*, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach. SCENE.

VERSE 93.—*Who sneak from living worth to dead.*] See the Note on Verse 123.

VERSE 103. *There mov'd Montalto*] An eminent person of Quality who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author, very much at his own expence indeed.

Book IV. The DUNCIAD. 17

But as in graceful act, with awful eye
Compos'd he stood, bold B—f—n thrust him by :
On two unequal Crutches prop'd he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Jonston's name. 110
The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page.

When Dulcress, smiling.—“ Thus revive the Wits;
But murder first, and minee them all to bits;
As erst Medæa (cruel, so to save !) 115
A new Edition of old Æson gave.
Let Standard-Authors thus like Trophies born,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,
And you my Critics in the chequer'd shade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made. 120
Leave not a foot of Verse, a foot of Stone,
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own ;

REMARKS.

VERSE 108—*bold B f-n.*] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by erecting monuments, striking coins, and procuring translations, of *Milton* ; and afterwards by a great passion for *Arthur Jonston*, a *Scots* physician's Version of the *Psalms*, of which he printed many fine Editions. See more of him, Book 3.

VERSE 113.—*Thus revive, &c.*] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of Learning to those of the most distinguished Writers ; by printing Editions of their works with impertinent alterations of their Text, or by setting up *Monuments*, disgraced with their own names and inscriptions.

VERSE 116. *Old Æson.*] Of whom Ovid (very applicably to these restored authors)

Æson miratur,

Diffimilemq; animum subiit.—

VERSE 122. *A Page, a Grave.*] For what less

But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,
 On passive paper, or on solid brick :
 So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit, 125
 A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,
 And while on Fame's triumphant Car they ride,
 Some Slave of mine be pinion'd to their side.
 Now Crowds on Crowds around the Goddess press,
 Each eager to present the first Address. 130
 Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance ;
 But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance.
 When lo ! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand
 Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful Wand ;
 His beaver'd brow a birchen garland bears, 135
 Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears :
 All flesh is humbled, Youth's bold courage cools,
 Each shudd'ring owns the Genius of the Schools ;
 The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,
 And holds his breeches close with both his hands. 140

R E M A R K S.

than a Grave can be granted to a dead author ? or what less than a Page can be allow'd a living one ?

VERSE 122. *A Page.*] *Pagina*, not *Pedisequus*. A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower or Attendant; no poet having had a *Page* since the death of Mr. Thomas Durfey.

VERSE 125. *So by each Bard an Alderman &c.*] Vide the *Tombs of the Poets*, Editio Westmonasteriensis.

VERSE 134.—*the dreadful Wand.*] A thin cane is usually born by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury.

VERSE 140. *And holds his breeches.*] An effect of Fear, somewhat like this, is described in the 7th Æneid.

Book IV. The D U N C I A D. 19

Then thus. Since Man from beast by Words is known,
Words are Man's province, words we teach alone.

When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.

Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide, 145
We never suffer it to stand too wide.

To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel wit, and double chain on chain; 150

Confine the thought to exercise the breath;
And keep them in the pale of Words till death.

R E M A R K S.

Contremuit nemus —

Et trepidæ matres pressere ad pectora natos.

nothing being so natural in any apprehension, as to lay close hold on whatever is suppos'd to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuate these youthful Senators (tho' so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any Master.

VERSE 143. — *like the Samian letter.*] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras as an emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice. *Perfius.*

Et tibi quæ Samios deduxit litera ramos.

VERSE 145. *Plac'd at the door, &c.*] This circumstance of the *Genius Loci* (with that of the Index-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the *Table of Cebes*, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life. Ο δὲ Γένων ὁ ἄνω ἱσηκώς ἔχων χάριν τινα ἐν τῇ χειρὶ, καὶ τῇ ἡσυχίᾳ ὡς περὶ διακινῶν τὸ ὕψος Δαίμων καλεῖται, &c.

VERSE 151, 152. — *to exercise the breath,*
And keep them in the pale of words till death.

Whate'er the Talents, or howe'er design'd,
 We hang one jingling Padlock on the mind :
 A Poet the first day, he dips his quill ; 155
 And what the last ? a very Poet still.
 Pity ! the charm works only in our wall,
 Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall.
 There truant Wyndham every Muse gave o'er,
 There Talbot sunk, and was a Wit no more ! 160
 How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our boast,
 How many Martials were in Pult'ney lost !
 Else ture some Bard, to our eternal praise,
 In twice ten thousand ryming nights and days,
 Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can ; 165
 And South beheld that Master-piece of Man !
 O (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign,
 Some gentle James to bless the land again !

R E M A R K S.

By obliging them to get the classick poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation, and Verbal amusement for their whole lives.

VERSE 166.--- *that Master-piece of man*] viz. an *Epigram*. The famous Dr. *South* declared a perfect *Epigram* to be as difficult a performance as an *Epic Poem*. And the Critics say " an *Epic Poem* is the " greatest work human nature is capable of.

VERSE 168. *Some gentle James, &c.*] *Wilson* tells us that this, king *James* the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to *Car, Earl of Somerset*; and that *Gondomar* the Spanish Ambassador would speak false Latin to him, on purpose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces.

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of *Sacred Majesty*, which his loyal Clergy transferred from *God* to *Him*. ' The principles of Passive Obedience and Nonn resistance (says the Author of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8.) which before his

To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne,
 Give law to Words, or war with Words alone, 170
 Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule,
 And turn the Council to a Grammar-School.
 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway,

R E M A R K S.

' time had sculk'd perhaps in some old Homily, were
 ' talk'd, written, and preach'd into vogue in that in-
 ' glorious reign.

VER. 174.

--- if Dulness sees a grateful day,
 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary sway :

And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession.
 I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of
 Claudian,

— *nunquam Libertas gratior exstat.*
Quam sub Rege pio —

But this I will say, that the words *Liberty* and *Monar-*
chy have been frequently confounded and mistaken one
 for the other by the gravest authors. I should there-
 fore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the fore-
 cited verse was thus,

— *nunquam Libertas gratior exstat*
Quam sub Lege pia —

and that *Rege* was the reading only of Dulness herself.
 And therefore she might allude to it. SCRIBL.

I judge quite otherwise of this passage : The genuine
 reading is *Libertas*, and *Rege* : So Claudian gave it.
 But the error lies in the first verse : It should be *Exit*
 not *Exstat*, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty
 was never lost, or went away with so good a grace, as
 under a good King : it being without doubt a tenfold
 shame to lose it under a bad one.

O! if my sons may learn one earthly thing 175

Teach but that one, sufficient for a King;

That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain,

Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:

May you, my Sam, and Isis preach it long!

" The RIGHT DIVINE of KINGS to govern wrong. 180

Prompt at the Call, around the Goddess's roll

Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal:

Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,

A hundred head of Aristotle's friends.

Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day, 185

[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away.]

Each staunch Polemic stubborn as a rock,

Each fierce Logician still expelling Lock,

R E M A R K S.

This further leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the *Dunciad* himself. A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above-mention'd by Scriblerus of the two words *Liberty* and *Monarchy*. Essay on Crit.

*Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd
By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd.*

Who sees not, it should be, *Nature like Liberty?* correct it therefore *repugnantibus omnibus*, (even tho' the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be made of his works.

BENTLEY.

VER. 186. *Tho' Christ-church.*] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the Editor; and accordingly we have it between *Hooks*. For I affirm this College came as early as any other, by its proper Deputies; nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body. BENTL.

VER. 188.----*still expelling Lock.*] In the year 1703

Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick,
 On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerdyck. 190
 As many quit the streams that murm'ring fall
 To lull the sons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
 Where B-tl-y tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in Port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch, 195
 Plow'd was his front with many a deep Remark.
 His Hat, which never vaild to human pride,
 Walker with rev'rence took, and lay'd aside.

R E M A R K S.

there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr. Lock's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it.

VER. 190. *On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgerdyck.*] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of houses should ride on horseback, who of late days being gouty or unwieldy, have kept their coaches. But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest; and very famous we may conclude, being honour'd with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus. SCRIB.

VER. 191.---*the Streams.*] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation.

VER. 194.---*sleeps in Port.*] viz. "now retired into "harbour, after the tempests that had long agitated "his society." So *Scriblerus*. But the learned *Scipio Maffei* understands it of a certain Wine called *Port*, from *Oporto* a city of Portugal, of which this Professor invited him to drink abundantly. SCIP. MAFF. *de Computationibus Academicis*.

VER. 197. *His Hat, &c.*----*So upright Quakers please bath Man and God*] The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect: yet where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts

Low bow'd the rest : He kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both Man and God. 200
 Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne.
 Avaunt----is Aristarchus yet unknown ?
 Turn what they will to Verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek Grammarians ! know your Better : 205
 Author of something yet more great than letter ;
 While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'er tops them all.

R E M A R K S.

of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence and yet not violate their conscience, contrived to hire people to uncover them with the appearance of force.

VERSE 202. *Aristarchus.*] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a severe Critic.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VERSE 199. *He kingly did but nod.*] Milton.

—*He, kingly, from his State declin'd not.*—

VERSE 202.—*Is Aristarchus yet unknown ?*

———*Sic notus Ulysses ?* Virg.

Dost thou not feel me, Rome ? Ben. Johnson.

VERSE 205. *Roman and Greek Grammarians, &c.*] Imitated from Propertius speaking of the *Æneid*.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii !

Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade.

VERSE 207, 208. *While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet like Saul, Stands our Digamma--*] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Eolic Digamma, in his long-

'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *Me* or *Te*, of *aut* or *at*, 210
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A?
 Or give up Cicero to C or K?
 Let Friend affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke;
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 215
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply:
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.

R E M A R K S.

projected Edition of Homer. He calls it *something more than Letter*, from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another.

VERSE 210.— *of Me or Te.*] It was a serious dispute, about which the learned were much divided, and some treatises written, whether at the end of the first Ode of Horace, to read, *Me doctarum hedæra præmia frontium*, or *Te doctarum hedæra*—*Megelidum nemus*, or *Te gelidum nemus*, &c.

VERSE 212. *Or give up Cicero to C or K.*] Grammatical disputes about the manner of pronouncing Cicero's name.

VERSE 216. *Manilius or Solinus.*] Some Critics having had it in their choice, to comment either on Virgil or Manilius, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity.

VERSE 218, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The first a Dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the second a minute Critic; the third an author who gave his Common-place-book to the publick, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books.

In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal; 220
 What Gellius or Stobæus cook'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er
 The Critic Eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole, 225
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse, shall see,
 When Man's whole frame is obvious to a *Flea*.

Ah think not, Mistress ! more true Dulness lies
 In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise. 230
 Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,
 On Learning's surface we but lye and nod.
 'Thine is the genuine Head of many a house,
 And much Divinity without a *Noûs*;

R E M A R K S.

VERSE 222. *Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er.*] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one another.

VER. 234. *And much Divinity without a Noûs.*] A word much affected by the learned Aristarchus in common conversation, to signify *Genius* or natural *acumen*. But this passage has a further View : *Noûs* was the Platonic term for *Mind*, or the *first Cause*, and that system of Divinity is here hinted at which terminates in blind Nature without a *Noûs* : such as the Poet afterwards describes, (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists)

*Or that bright Image to our Fancy drawn
 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,
 That Nature——&c.*

Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block, 235
 Nor has one Atterbury spoil'd the flock;
 See ! still thy own, the heavy Canon roll,
 And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole.

* * * * *

* * * * *

240

* * * * *

* * * * *

What tho' we let some better sort of fool
 Thriv ev'ry science, run thro' ev'ry school ?
 Never by Tumbler thro' the hoops was shown 245
 Such skill in passing all, and touching none.
 He may indeed (if sober all this time)
 Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Ryme :
 We only furnish what he cannot use,
 Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse: 250

REMARKS.

VER. 235, 236. *Barrow, Atterbury.*] Isaac Barrow, Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury, Dean of Christ-Church, both great Genius's and eloquent Preachers ; one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other in classical Learning, but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies.

VER. 237—*the heavy Canon.*] Canon here, if spoken of *Artillery*, is in the plural number ; if of the *Canons of the House*, in the singular, and meant only of *one* : in which case I suspect the *Pole* to be a false reading, and that it should be the *Poll*, or Head of that Canon.

SCRIB.

*** *Hiatus*, but not *valdè desendus*, since the learned Aristarchus loves a Fragment.

Full in the midst of Euclid, dip at once,
 And petrify a Genius to a Dunce ;
 Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance,
 Show all his paces, not a step advance.
 With the same Cement, ever sure to bind, 255
 We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind ;
 Then take him to devellop, if you can,
 And hew the Block off, and get out the Man.
 But wherefore waste I words ? I see advance
 Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France. 260

R E M A R K S.

VER. 252. — *petrify a Genius.*] Those who have no Genius's employ'd in works of imagination, those who have, in abstract sciences.

VER. 258. *And hew the Block off.*] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts.

VER. 260. — *lac'd Governor.*] Why *laced*? Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into Courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know by sight that this Governor comes from France? Why, by the laced coat.

SCRIB,

V. *id.* *Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor.*] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil. But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore: And were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her. But our impartial Poet as he is drawing their picture, represents them in the

Walker ! our hat — nor more he deign'd to say,
But stern as Ajax spectre, strode away.

In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place :
Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd 265
By the French horn, or by the opening hound.
The first came forward, with as easy mien
As if he saw St. James's and the Queen :
Dulness delighted ey'd the lively Dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was Pertness once. 270
When thus th' Attendant Orator begun :
Receive, great Empress ! thy accomplish'd son :

R E M A R K S.

order in which they are generally seen ; namely the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor ; but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs both the other. SCRIB.

VER. 262. — *stern as Ajax Spectre.*] See Homer, Odyss. 11. where the Ghost of Ajax turns suddenly from Ulysses.

VER. 264. *And titt'ring push'd, &c.*] Hor.

Rideat & pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

VER. 268. *As if he saw St. James's.*] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent behaviour of several forward young Persons in the presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus.

VER. 271. — *th' attendant Orator.*] The Governor abovesaid. The Poet gives him no particular name ; being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only, with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it. SCRIB.

Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod,
 A dauntless Infant never scar'd with God !
 The Sire saw, smiling, his own Virtues wake ; 275
 The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake :
 Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began,
 And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was boy nor man.
 Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercaft,
 Safe and unseen the young Æneas past. 280
 Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
 Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town ;
 Intrepid then o'er seas and lands he flew,
 Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
 There all thy gifts and graces we display, 285
 Thou, only thou, directing all our way !
 To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
 Pours at great Bourbon's feet her filken sons,

R E M A R K S.

V. 274. *A dauntless Infant never scar'd with God.* I
 Hor.

—*sine Dis Animosus Infans.*

VER. 280.—*unseen the young Æneas past,*
Thence bursting glorious. See Virg. Æn. 1.

*At Venus obscuro gradientis aëra sepsit,
 Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu.*

Cernere ne quis eos :— 1. *neu quis contingere possit ;*
 2. *Moliri ve moram ;—aut* 3. *veniendi poscere causas ;*

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took
 this care of him : to wit, 1. that no body might touch
 or correct him : 2. might stop or detain him : 3. exa-
 mine him about the progress he had made, or so much
 as guess why he came there ?

Or Tyber now no longer Roman rolls,
 Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls ; 290
 To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in Vines,
 Where slumber Abbots, purple as their Wines ;
 To Isles of Fragrance, Lilly-silver'd Vales,
 Diffusing languor in the panting gales :
 To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, 295
 Love-whisp'ring woods, and Lute-refounding waves.
 But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
 And Cupids ride the Lyon of the deeps ;
 Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic Main
 Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain. 300
 Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
 And gather'd every Vice on Christian ground ;
 Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
 His royal sense of Op'ra's or the Fair ;
 The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, 305
 Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd ;
 Try'd all *hors-d'oeuvres*, all *Liqueurs* defin'd,
 Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd ;

R E M A R K S.

VER. 293.—*Lilly-silver'd Vales.*] Tuberoses.

VER. 298. *And Cupids ride the Lyon of the deeps.*] The winged Lyon the Arms of Venice. This Republick heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce ; now illustrious for her Carnivals.

VER. 308.—*greatly-daring din'd.*] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro' those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and unwholesome.

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
 Left his own Language and acquir'd no more ; 310
 All Classic learning lost on Classic ground ;
 And last turn'd Air, the *Eccho* of a *Sound* !
 See now, half cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,
 With nothing but a Solo in his head,
 As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit, 315
 As Ja—f—n, Fl—tw—d, C—b—r, shall think fit,
 Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,
 And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone ;
 See ! to my country happy I restore
 The glorious Youth, and add one Venus more.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 312. *And last turn'd Air, the Eccho of a Sound.*]
 Yet less a Body than Eccho itself ; for Eccho reflects
Sense or *Words* at last, this gentleman only *Airs* and
Tunes :

—Sonus est, qui vivit in illo. Ovid Met.

VER. 314. *With nothing but a Solo in his head.*]
 With nothing but a *Solo* ? Why, if it be a *Solo*, how
 should there be any thing else ? Palpable Tautology !
 Read boldly an *Opera*, which is enough of conscience
 for such a head as has lost all its Latin. BENTL.

VER. 316. — *Ja—f—n, Fl—w—d, C—b—r.*]
 Three very eminent persons, all Managers of *Plays* ;
 who tho' not Governors by profession, had each in
 his way concern'd themselves in the Education of
 youth, and regulated their Wits, their Morals, or
 their Finances, at that period of their age which is
 the most important, their entrance into the polite
 world.

Her too receive, (for her my soul adores)
 So may the sons of sons of sons of whores, 320
 Prop thine, O Empress ! like each neighbour Throne,
 And make a long Posterity thy own.

Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,
 Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of shame.

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,
 Of ever-listless loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend, 330
 Thee too my Paridel ! she mark'd thee there,
 Stretch'd on the rack of a too-easy Chair ;

R E M A R K S.

VER. 319. *Her too receive, &c.*] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on V. 260, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady.

VER. 320. *So may the Sons of Sons, &c.*] Virg.

Et nati natorum, & qui nascentur ab illis. Æn. 3.

VER. 321. *And thee my Paridel !*] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a *wandering Courtly Squire*, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to *Paris*. Faery Queen. Lib. Can. 9.

—VER. 332, &c. *Stretch'd on the Rack—And heard, &c.*] Virg. Æn. 6.

And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
 The Pains and penalties of Idleness.
 She pity'd ! but her pity only shed 333
 Benigner influence on thy nodding head.

But Annius, crafty Seer, with Ebon wand,
 And well-disseml'd Em'rald on his hand,
 False as his Gems and canker'd as his Coins,
 Came cramm'd with Capon, from where Pollio dines 340
 Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep
 Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,
 Walk round and round, now prying here, now there ;
 So he ; but pious, whisper'd first his prayer.
 Grant, gracious Goddess ! grant me still to cheat, 345
 O may thy cloud still cover the deceit !
 Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,
 But pour them thickest on the noble head !

R E M A R K S.

Sedet, æternumq; sedebit,
Infælix Theseus, Phlegyasq; miserrimus omnes
Admonet—

VER. 337. *Annus.*] The name taken from Annus
 the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and
 Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions,
 which he was prompted to by mere vanity ; but our
 Annus had a more substantial motive.

VER. 345.—*Grant me still to cheat !*
O may thy Cloud still cover the Deceit !

Hor.—*Da pulchra Laverna*
Da mihi fallere—
Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem

V. *id. still to cheat.*] Some read *skill*, but that is frivo-

So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,
 See other Cæsars, other Homers rise, 350
 Thro' twilight ages hunt th'Athenian fowle
 Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owle,
 Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
 Nay Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear;
 Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 355
 And keep his Lares, tho' his house be fold;
 To head-less Phæbe his fair bride postpone;
 Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
 Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
 Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two. 360

Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, Fool-renown'd,
 Who like his Cheops, stinks above the ground,

R E M A R K S.

lous, for Annius hath that skill already; or if he had
 not, *skill* were not wanting to cheat such Persons.

BENTL.

VER. 351.—*hunt th' Athenian Fowle.*] The Owle
 stamp'd on the reverse of the ancient mony of Athens.

Which Chalcis, Gods, and Mortals call an Owle,
 is the verse by which Hobs renders that of Homer,

Χαλχίδα κικλήσκονσι Θεοί, Ἄνδρες δὲ Κύμινδεν.

VER. 253 *Attys and Cecrops.*] The first Kings of
 Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are
 extant; but not so improbable as what follows, that
 there should be any of Mahomet, who forbid all
 Images. Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a
 counterfeit one, now in the collection of a learned
 Nobleman.

VER. 362. *Cheops.*] A King of Egypt, whose
 body was certainly to be known, as being buried alone
 in his Pyramide, and is therefore more genuine than

Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd and said ;
 Ratling an ancient Sistrum at his head.

Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes ? Traitor base ! 365
 Mine, Goddess ! mine is all the horned race.

R E M A R K S.

any of the Cleopatra's. This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Consul of Alexandria, and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius ; for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandy's Travels, where that accurate and learned voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the Theft above mention'd. But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time.

VER. 365. *Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes, &c.*] The strange story following, which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages. Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been collecting Coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Salée, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advis'd Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventure. Dufour first ask'd him *whether the Medals were of the higher Empire?* he assur'd him they were, and all of the first Emperors. Dufour was ravish'd with the hope of possessing such a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence.

True, he had wit, to make their value rise ;
 From foolish Greeks to steal them was as wise ;
 More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
 When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep : 370
 Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
 Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold,
 Receiv'd each Demi-God with pious care,
 Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there ;
 I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, 375
 And, at their second birth, they issue mine.

Witness great Ammon ! by whose horns I swore,
 (Reply'd soft Annius) this our Paunch before
 Still bears them faithful ; and that thus I eat,
 Is to refund the Medals with the meat. 380
 To prove me, Goddess ! clear of all design,
 Bid me with Pollio sup as well as dine :
 There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,
 And D-gl--s lend his soft, obstetric hand.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 373. — *each* Demi-God.] They are called
 Θεοι on their Coins.

VER. 377. *Witness great Ammon !*] Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witness at the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose *Horns* they wore on their Medals.

VER. 384. *D-g-s.*] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste ; above all curious in what relates to Horace, of whom he has collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes.

The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent ; 385
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went.

Then thick as locusts black'ning all the ground,
A Tribe with weeds and shells fantastick crown'd,
Each with some wondrous gift approach'd the pow'r,
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r. 390
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal.
The first thus open'd. Hear thy suppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common Mother of us all !
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r, 395
Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r ;
Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head ;
Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE :
Each Maid cry'd, charming ! and each Youth divine !

R E M A R K S.

VER. 399. — *and nam'd it Caroline.*] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising. Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardner at Hammersmith, who caused his favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, *This is My Queen Caroline.*

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 395. &c. *Fair from its humble Bed—Suckled and chear'd—Then—nam'd it Caroline.*

Did Natures pencil ever blend such rays, 401
 Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze ?
 Now prostrate ! dead ! behold that Caroline :
 No Maid cries, charming, and no Youth, divine.
 And lo the wretch ! whose vile, whose insect lust 405
 Lay'd this gay daughter of the spring in dust.
 Oh punish him ! or to th' Elysian shades
 Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades !

He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien,
 Th' accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen. 410

Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing
 Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring,
 Or swims along the fluid atmosphere,
 Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air.

I M I T A T I O N S.

*Each Maid cry'd Charming, and each Youth Divine !
 Now prostrate, dead ! behold that Caroline !
 No Maid cries Charming, and no Youth, Divine.]*

These Verses are translated from Catullus, Epit.

*Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
 Quam mulcent auræ, firmat Sol, educat imber,
 Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ :
 Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
 Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c.*

VER. 411. *Of all th' enamel'd Race.]* The Poet
 seems to have had an eye to Spenser, Muirpotmos.

*Of all the race of silver-winged Flies
 Which do possess the Empire of the Air.*

I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 415
 The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r :
 It fled, I follow'd ; now in hope, now pain ;
 It stopt, I stopt ; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
 At last it fix'd ('twas on what plant it pleas'd)
 And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd : 420
 Rose or Carnation, was below my care ;
 I meddle, Goddess ! only in my sphere.
 I tell the naked fact without disguise,
 And, to excuse it, need but show the prize ;
 Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye, 425
 Fair ev'n in death ! this peerless *Butterfly*.

My sons ! (she answer'd) both have done your parts :
 Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
 But hear a Mother, when she recommends
 To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends. 430
 Of Souls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
 Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake ;

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 417, 418. *It fled, I follow'd, &c*] Milt.

——— *I started back,*
It started back ; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon——

R E M A R K S.

VER. 430.—*our sleeping Friends.*] Of whom see V. 335 above.

And most but find that Centinel of God
 A drowzy Watchman in the land of Nod.
 And yet the dullest brain, if gently stir'd, 435
 Perhaps may waken to a Humming-bird ;
 The most recluse, discreetly open'd, find
 Congenial object in the Cockle-kind ;
 The mind in Metaphysicks at a loss,
 May wander in a wilderness of Moss ; 440
 The head that turns at super-lunar things
 Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings.

O! would the Sons of men once think their Eyes
 And Reason giv'n them, but to study *Flies* !

R E M A R K S.

VER. 434.—*Land of Nod.*] Beware Reader, not to mistake this for a mere idle Paronomasia : It was the Land to which Cain retreated with his family, when they had lay'd *Reason* (this *Centinel* of God) asleep, and follow'd only the guidance of their Passions.

SCRIB.

VER. 440.—*a wilderness of Moss.*] Of which the Naturalists count above three hundred species.

VER. 442.—*Wilkin's Wings.*] One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon ; which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose.

VER. 443. *O would the Sons of Men, &c.*] This is the third and last speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and compleats the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion. In the first speech, ver. 113, to her Editors and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and

See Nature in some partial narrow shape,
 And let the Author of the Whole escape :
 Learn but to trifle ; or, who most observe,
 To wonder at their Maker, not to serve.

445

Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
 Sworn foe to myst'ry, yet divinely dark,
 Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
 When moral Evidence shall quite decay,

450

R E M A R K S.

discredit fine Writers. In her second, ver. 167, to the Educators of youth, she shows them how all Civil Duties may be extinguish'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right. And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in second causes, with a total disregard of the first. This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say ; and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been said of true Wit, that *She neither says too little, nor too much.*

VER. 449. — *a gloomy Clerk.*] The Epithet gloomy in this line may seem the same with that of dark in the next. But *gloomy* relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas *dark* alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems.

VER. 452. *When Moral Evidence shall quite decay.*] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions : according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate-House. See *Craigs, Theologiæ Christianæ Principia Mathematica*. But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years

And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
 Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize.)
 Let others creep by timid steps, and slow, 455
 On plain Experience lay foundations low,
 By common sense to common knowledge bred,
 And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
 All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
 Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride ! 460
 We nobly take the high Priori Road,
 And reason downward, till we doubt of God :
 Make Nature still incroach upon his plan ;
 And shove him off as far as e'er we can :

R E M A R K S.

ago ; it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddets ; for whose help therefore they have reason to pray.

VER. 461. — *the high Priori Road.*] Those who from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause, tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness ; whereas they who take this high Priori Road, (such as Hobs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, (or ramble after Visions, which deprive them of all sight of their end, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means.

VER. 463. *Make Nature still.*] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it entirely, have had recourse to a certain *Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, &c.*

Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place ; 465
 Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
 Or, at one bound o'erleaping all his laws,
 Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
 Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
 See all in *Self*, and but for self be born : 470

R E M A R K S.

VER. 465. *Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,*
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes, the second of Hobs, the third of some succeeding Philosophers.

VER. 467. *Or at one bound, &c.* Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral.

Make God Man's Image, Man the Final Cause.
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in self —]

Man was made according to *God's Image* ; this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after *Man's Image*. This proceeds from the imperfection of his *Reason* ; the next, of imagining himself the Final Cause, is the effect of his *Pride* ; as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the Corruption of his heart. Hence he centers every thing in *himself*. The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness, one ends in *seeing all in God*, the other in *seeing all in self*.

Book IV. The D U N C I A D.

45

70

Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
 Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*.
 Oh hide the God still more! or make us see
 Such as Lucretius drew, a God like Thee :
 Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, 475
 Regardless of our Merit or default.
 Or that bright Image to our fancy draw,
 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw,

his

R E M A R K S.

he

o-

t,

o-

VER. 471. *Of nought so certain as our Reason still.*] Of which we have most cause to be diffident. *Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will*, two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will.

VER. 474. *Such as Lucretius drew.*] Lib. i. ver. 57.

*Omnis enim per se Divum natura necesse' est
 Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur.
 Semotu ab nostris rebus, summotaq; longe—
 Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira*

From whence the two verses following are translated, and wonderfully agree with the character of our God-
 des.

SCRIBL.

VER. 477. *Or that bright Image.*] *Bright Image* was the Title given by the latter Platonists to that Idea of *Nature* which they had form'd in their fancy, *Αὐτοπλὸν Ἀγαλμα*, or the *Self-seen Image*.

VER. 478. *Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw.*] Thus this Philosopher calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions.

“ To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun
 “ With his first Beams adorns the front

While thro' Poetic scenes the *Genius* roves,
Or wanders wild in Academic Groves;

480

R E M A R K S.

“ Of yonder Hill, if you're content
“ To wander with me in the Woods you see,
“ We will pursue those Loves of ours,
“ By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs:

“ and invoking first the *Genius* of the *Place*, we'll try
“ to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the
“ *Sovereign Genius* and *first Beauty*. *Charact.* Vol. 2.
“ p. 245.

This *Genius* is thus apostrophized (p. 345.) by the same Philosopher.

“ ——— O glorious *Nature*!
“ Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
“ All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
“ Wise Substitute of Providence! *impower'd*
“ *Creatress*! or, *impow'ring Deity*,
“ *Supreme Creator*!
“ Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore.

Sir *Isaac Newton* distinguishes between these two in a very different manner. [Princ. Schol. gen. sub fin.]

—*Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas & attributa & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras, & causas finales; veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium. Deus etenim sine dominio, Providentia, & causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura.*

VER. 479. — roves, Or wanders wild in Academic Groves.] “ Above all things I lov'd *Ease*, and
“ of all Philosophers those who reason'd most at their
“ *Ease*, and were never angry or disturb'd, as those
“ call'd *Sceptics* never were: I look'd upon this kind
“ of Philosophy as the prettiest, agreeablest, roving

That NATURE, our Society adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores.

Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of Fire :
Then snapt his box, and strok'd his belly down, 485
Rosie and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown.
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess *Dame* :
Then thus. From Priest-craft happily set free,
Lo ! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee ; 499
First Slave to Words, then Vassal to a Name,
Then Dupe to Party ; child and man the same ;

R E M A R K S.

" *Exercise of the Mind*, possible to be imagined. Vol. 2. p. 206.

VER. 482. *Silenus*.] Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, *Eclog.* 6, where he sings the Principles of that Philosophy in his drink.

VER. 484. *Seeds of Fire*.] The Epicurean language, *Semina rerum*, or Atoms. Virg. *Eclog.* 6. *Semina ignis, — semina flammæ.* —

VER. 491. *First Slave to Words, &c.*] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this Book, which confines Youth to the study of Words only in Schools, subjects them to the authority of systems in the Universities, and deludes them with the names of Party-distinctions in the World. All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error, in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics. The whole finished in modern Free-thinking ; the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes *Self-love* for the sole Principle of Action.

Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,
 A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
 Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen, 495
 Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen;
 Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth;
 To thee the most rebellious things on earth:
 Now, to thy shade from all their glory shrunk;
 All melted down in Pension, or in Punk! 500
 So *, so **, sneak'd into the Grave,
 A Monarch's half and half a harlot's slave:
 Poor W **, nipt in Folly's broadest bloom,
 Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb.
 Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast; 505
 Thy *Magus*, Goddess! shall perform the rest.

With that, a WIZARD OLD his *Cup* extends,
 Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,

R E M A R K S.

VER. 507. — *his Cup, which whoſo taſtes, &c.*] The *Cup* of *Self-love*, which cauſes a total oblivion of all the obligations of Friendſhip, Honour, and Service of God or our Country; all ſacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worſhip, or to yet meaner conſiderations, of Lucre and brutal Pleaſures. From ver. 510 to 518.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 507, &c. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends, Sire, &c.*] Homer of the Potion of the *Nepenthe*, *Odyſſ.* 4.

Αὐτόν' ἄρ' εἰς οἶνον βάλε Φάρμακον ἔχθρην ἔπινον,
 Μητινθεῖς τ' ἄχουλόντες, κακῶν ἐτίληθον ἀπάντων.

Sire, Ancestors, Himself. One casts his eyes
Up to a *Star*, and like Endymion dies : 510
A *Feather* shooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled ;
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but Homage to a King.
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, 515
To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs :
But, sad example ! never to escape
Their Infamy, still keep the human shape.

But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild ; 520
And strait succeeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 513. *Lost is his God, his Country—
And nothing left but Homage to a King.*] So strange
as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous
Mons. de la Bruyere declares it to be the Character of
every good Subject in a Monarchy : “ Where (says he)
“ *there is no such thing as Love of our Country*, the
“ Interest, the Glory and Service of the Prince supply
“ its place. [*De la Republique*, Chap. 10.]

VER. 518. — *still keep the human shape.*] The Ef-
fects of the Magus's Cup are just contrary to that of
Circe. Hers took away the shape and left the human
mind : This takes away the mind, and leaves the hu-
man shape.

VER. 519. *But she, good Goddess, &c.*] The only
comfort such people can receive, must be owing in
some shape or other to Dulness ; which makes some
stupid, others impudent ; gives Self-conceit to some,

Kind Self-conceit to some her Glafs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes,
But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint, 525
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint.

On others, Int'rest her gay Liv'ry flings,
Int'rest that waves on party-colour'd wings;
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,
And as she turns, the Colours fall or rise. 530

Others, the Syren Sisters compass round,
And empty heads console with empty sound.
No more alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear.
Great Shades of **, **, **, * 535
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing;
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool.

On some, a Priest succinct in Amice white
Attends; all flesh is nothing in his sight! 540
Beeves at his touch at once to jelly turn,
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn.

R E M A R K S.

Upon the Flatteries of their Dependants; presents the false colours of Interest to others; and busies or amuses the rest with idle pleasures of sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy. Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons.

The board with specious Miracles he loads,
Turns Hares to Larks, and Pigeons into Toads.

Another (for in all what one can shine ?)

545

Explains the *Seve* and *Verdeur* of each Vine.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 543. *The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c.*] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place. *Speciosa Miracula* (says he) according to Horace, were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c. What relation have these to the Transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee. The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers: and the fair Pigeon turn'd to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast. But here is the difficulty: why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table? Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality: Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before-mention'd of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly; nay it is expressly said, that *all Flesh is nothing in his sight*. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain: I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a *Priest*, and soon after called a *Sacrifice*, and attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with Libation and Song.

SCRIBL.

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly *Pigeons en Crapeau* were a common dish.

VER. 545. *Seve* and *Verdeur*.] French Terms relating to Wines. St. Evremont has a very pathetick Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek

What cannot copious Sacrifice atone?
 Thy Treuffles, Perigord! thy Hams, Bayone!
 With French libation and Italian strain,
 Wash Bla * white, and expiate Ha * * 's stain. 550
 Kn—t lifts the head, for what are crowds undone
 To three essential Partridges in one?
 Gone ev'ry blush, and silent all reproach,
 Contending Princes take them in their Coach.

Next, bidding all draw near on bended knees, 555
 The Queen confers her *Titles and Degrees*.

R E M A R K S.

Comfort in a good Table, and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champagne.

VER. 550. *Bla—, Ha—s.*] Names of Gamesters. *Bla—* is a black man. Robert Knight Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables, frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France.

VER. 550. *Bla—&c.*] The former Note of *Bla—* is a black man, is very absurd. The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been, *wash Blackmoors white*, alluding to a known Proverb. SCRIB.

VER. 552.—*three Essential Partridges in one.*] i. e. Two dissolved into Quintessence to make sauce for the third. The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excell'd by our native luxury, an hundred squab Turkeys being not unfrequently deposited in one Pye in the Bishopric of Durham: to which our Author alludes in ver. 583 of this work.

Her Children first of more distinguish'd sort,
 Who study Shakespear at the Inns of Court,
 Impale a Glow-worm, or Vertù profess,
 Shine in the dignity of F. R. S. 560
 Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race
 Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
 Some Botanists, or Florists at the least;
 Or issue Members of an Annual feast.
 Nor past the meanest unregarded, one 565
 Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
 The last, not least in honour or applause,
 Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.

Then, blessing all, Go Children of my care!
 To Practise now from Theory repair. 570
 All my Commands are easy, short, and full:
 My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull.
 Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne:
 This Nod confirms each Privilege your own.

REMARKS.

VER. 561. *Some deep Free-Masons, join the silent race.*] The Poet all along expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race: He has here provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a *Humming Bird* or *Cockle*, yet at worst they may be made Free Masons; where *Taciturnity* is the only essential Qualification, as it was one of the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras.

VER. 566. — *a Gregorian, or a Gormogon.*] A sort of Lay-brothers, *Slips* from the root of the Free-Masons.

VER. 574. — *each Privilege your own, &c.*] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly

The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace : 575
 With Staff and Pumps the Marquifs lead the Race :
 From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,
 Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer, the Sun :
 The learned Baron Butterflies design,
 Or draw to filk Arachne's subtile line : 580
 The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call ;
 The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball :
 The Bishop stowe (Pontific Luxury !)
 An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye :

R E M A R K S.

fall short of the Readers expectation ; who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence, and from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practise of something more extraordinary, than to personate Running Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c.

But if it be well consider'd, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally render'd harmless by their Inability ; and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design ; the Poet I am persuaded will be justified, and it will be allow'd that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as much as can be expected from them. And we see he was aware of this, by singling out one or two who aimed higher, but at the same time tells us that their aims must be unsuccessful.

VER. 580. *Arachne's subtile line.*] This is one of the most ingenious employments assign'd, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning. Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, See the Phil. Transact.

The sturdy Squire to Gallick masters stoop, 585
 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe.
 Others import yet nobler Arts from France,
 Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance.
 Perhaps more high some daring son may soar,
 Strive to my List to add one Monarch more— 590
 But here, vain Icarus ! thy flight confine,
 Forbear ! nor hope to make that Monarch thine :
 Blind with Ambition ! to think Princes things
 Made just for thee, as all beside for Kings.—

More she had said, but yawn'd—All Nature nods : 595
 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ?

R E M A R K S.

VER. 588. *Teach Kings to fiddle*] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz.) Achilles, Alexander, Nero ; tho' despis'd by Themistocles, who was a Republican.—*Make Senates dance*, either after their Prince or to Pontoise, or Siberia.

VER. 589. contains a wise advice to all first Ministers, but especially to any unable one.

VER. 596 *What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods ?*] This Verse is truly Homerial, as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssæy.—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a *Great Yawn* ; but we must consider it as the *Yawn of a God*, and of powerful effects. Nor is it out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner : Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a *Roar*, but then it is the *Roar of a Lion*, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of his Poem.

Churches and Chappels instantly it reach'd,
 (St. James's first, for leaden G—lb—t preach'd)
 Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall scarce kept awake;
 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak: 600
 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found,
 While the long solemn Unison went round;
 Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm;
 Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm;
 The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept; 605
 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept;
 And Chief-less Armies doz'd out the Campaign;
 And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 597. *Churches and Chappels, &c.*] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted. First it seizeth the Churches and Chappels; then catcheth the Schools, where tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not: Next Westminster-Hall, much more hard indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddes: Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot: Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation, is *lost*, (that is to say *suspended*) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment: the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all publick affairs.

VER. 606, 608.] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State-Poems of that time. So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else wrote the Argument prefixt to this Book, where it

O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone,
 Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 610.
 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest?
 Whose Heads she partly, whose compleatly blest?
 What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
 The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull?
 Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
 Wrong.—
 Oh sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

R E M A R K S.

is said, "the effects of the Yawn are not unfelt at this
 "day."

VER. 610. *Wits have short Memories.*] This seems
 to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give
 us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the Muses,
 who as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to
 forget any thing. So Homer, Iliad 2.

Πληθὺν δ' ἐκ ἀν' ἐγὼ μυθήσομαι, ὃδ' ὀνομήσας,
 Εἰ μὴ Ὀλυμπιάδης Μῆσαι Διὸς ἀγχοχόιο
 Θυγατέρες, μνησαίαν —————

And Virgil, Æn. 7.

*Et meministis enim Divæ, & memorare potestis :
 Ad nos vix tenui famæ perlabitur æura.*

But our Poet had yet another reason for putting this
 Task upon the Muse; that all besides being *asleep*, she
 only could relate what passed. SCRIB.

While the Great Mother bids Britannia sleep,
And pours her Spirit o'er the Land and Deep.



De-est F I N I S.

R E M A R K S.

VER. 618. — *o'er the Land and Deep*] It was but necessary for the Poet to say this expressly, that Britain might not be suppos'd to be in this condition alone, but in company with all other Nations of Europe. It had been a monstrous impropriety, in such a case, to have made any Nation keep awake, except *France*. But our Poet, tho' a Satyrist, is an utter enemy to all National Reflections. SCRIB.

It is impossible to lament sufficiently the loss of the rest of this Poem, just at the opening of so fair a scene as the Invocation seems to promise. It is to be hop'd however that the Poet compleated it, and that it will not be lost to posterity, if we may trust to a Hint given in one of his Satires.

*Publish the present Age, but where the Text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next.*



F I N I S.

V.

ut
in
e,
It
to
e.
all
s.
ne
ne
d
ill
en

A